

# Square One

Blade Brown

I'ma take you back to square one  
Talking bout that first flip, I mean that square one  
I was a little nigga with some big dreams  
Now all my little niggas getting big cream  
I'ma take you back to square one  
Talking bout that first flip, I mean that square one  
I was a little nigga with some big dreams  
Now all my little niggas getting big cream

I'ma take you back to that whole one  
Left school in like '01  
All grinding, no fun  
No paper, no funds  
Nah nah man, I shouldn't say no funds  
Had a couple grand but that's low funds  
Nobody told me to hold one  
Had to flip that till that crow's done  
Yeah I'm talking bout that first green square  
Flipped that shit then I copped myself a mean pair  
Yeah we used to rob niggas, did it fast  
Only thing about that paper man, it didn't last  
Turn this shit up loud if you relate to this  
Turn it low if you're in your yard and weighing weight to this  
I'm like "Oh wow!", got that know-how  
Wish I could go back in time with what I know now  
But fuck them if, buts and maybes  
That shit cut that pays me  
My brick cut, it's crazy  
But if I slip up, I'm Swayze  
Man I reminisce to that time he kept his lips shut and saved me

I'ma take you back to square one  
Talking bout that first flip, I mean that square one  
I was a little nigga with some big dreams  
Now all my little niggas getting big cream  
I'ma take you back to square one  
Talking bout that first flip, I mean that square one  
I was a little nigga with some big dreams  
Now all my little niggas getting big cream

Break down a one-thousand  
Finished school in 2000  
Big boy, three-thousand  
I'm an outcast in that housing  
I shut it down and I'm bouncing  
In and out, no browsing  
If money talks then I'm shouting  
Shooters on the pitch and I'm scouting  
This real heat I'm holding  
No fake tings when I'm rolling  
I'll poke 'em up or smoke 'em  
Spent forty racks then I'm rolling  
Rolling, rolling round town with them square ones  
So I can look into the duffle and see bare funds  
Me against you ain't a fair one  
I spit that fire in the air like a flare gun  
No LV's, I can cop them square ones

I can cop ten but here's one  
These rappers think they're wrapping, they ain't wrapped shit  
Think they can jack who, they ain't jack shit  
You ain't real if your gun game's plastic  
Now you got Gorilla spazzing on some mad shit

I'ma take you back to square one  
Talking bout that first flip, I mean that square one  
I was a little nigga with some big dreams  
Now all my little niggas getting big cream  
I'ma take you back to square one  
Talking bout that first flip, I mean that square one  
I was a little nigga with some big dreams  
Now all my little niggas getting big cream

Calm was the definition of my lifestyle  
No gold lines, links, minks, no wildlife  
Psalms had me on my knees with my hands high  
Losing my religion, gave a toss bout this wank life  
Then He threw me a rope, started moving the dope  
The way my line was popping off, I barely could cope  
Incest papes, my grands was having grandsons  
Stamp game mean, was having regular tantrums  
Then I flipped up to that corner  
No flossing, stuck to that order  
My bruddas dem got big, their last name shoulda been Warner  
And I was rocking that red rag and he was rocking that blue rag  
And you might have thought we were banging  
We were bashing and bagging  
Youngers was all rating, olders was all hating  
Ball so hard, motherfuckers wanna fine me  
Ball so hard, niggas like my wifey  
Whips, the police, the sticks, the Rollies  
The bitches, the jail, the snitches all came from square one

I'ma take you back to square one  
Talking bout that first flip, I mean that square one  
I was a little nigga with some big dreams  
Now all my little niggas getting big cream  
I'ma take you back to square one  
Talking bout that first flip, I mean that square one  
I was a little nigga with some big dreams  
Now all my little niggas getting big cream